THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,

NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance,

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

SIMMONS DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1854. WHOLE NO. 1693.

Choice Poetry.

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

BY MRS. SARAH T. BOLTON.

Voyager upon life's sea,
To yourself be true.
And whate'er your lot may be,
Paddle your own canoe.

Never, though the roads may rave,
Falter nor look back.
But upon the darkest wave,
Leave a strong track.

Nobly dare the wildest storm,
Daunt the hardest gale,
Stories of heart and strong of arm
Can well answer fail.
Watch the world in cold and dark,
Keep an aim in view,
And toward the heavenly mark
Paddle your own canoe.

Every wave that bears you on
To the wider shore,
From its enemy source has gone,
To return no more.
Then let not an hour's delay
Cheat you of your day;
For, while it is called to-day,
Paddle your own canoe.

If your bark denied you wealth,
Lofty state and power,
Honest fame and hardy health
Are a better dower;
But if these will not suffice,
Unsatisfied your pursuit,
And to win the glittering prize,
Paddle your own canoe.

Would you wrest the wreath of fame
From the hand of Fate;
Would you write a deathless name,
With the good and great;
Would you hope your labor's done,
Heart and soul imbue
With the holy task, and dare
Paddle your own canoe.

Would you crush the tyrant Wrong,
In the lowly dell,
With a spirit brave and strong,
Battle for the Right.
And to break the chains that bind
The many to the few—
To enfranchise startled mind,
Paddle your own canoe.

Nothing great is lightly won,
Nothing won is long—
Every good deed, nobly done,
Will repay the cost.
Learn to Heaven, in humble trust,
All you will to win:
But, if you succeed, you must
Paddle your own canoe.

Original Novelet.

THE BRIDE OF THE WILDERNESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

AUTHOR OF "VIDA," "CLARA, MORGARD," "FORCED WILL," "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "KATE CLARENDON," "TRAITOR," ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER I.

THE MAYFAIRES.

In the spring of 1773, just as the last rays of the setting sun were gilding the loftiest peaks of Laurel Ridge—a range of mountains in the north-west portion of what is now known as the State of Virginia—a party of wayfarers halted on the summit of one of the lower hills of the chain, and immediately set about preparations for encamping for the night. The party was alluded to numbered ten persons, consisting great and small, black and white. The leading personage of this number was a large, stout-built man, about thirty-four years of age, with raised strongly marked features, characteristic of a frank, manly, honest expression. He was accompanied by his wife, three children, the wife's sister, three negro servants, and an idiotic, or half-witted fellow, a distant relative, who for a number of years had been reckoned as one of the family.

Besides the individuals mentioned, there were two horses; on three of which, when the party came to a halt, were mounted the wife, her sister, the three children, and a mountain servant of the African race; while the other horses were loaded with provisions, and such articles as were indispensable to a family about to settle in a new country.

From the foregoing, the reader will readily infer that the party presented to his notice were journeying from a country that might be termed settled, into the wilderness, for the purpose of there making a permanent home. Such was the fact. Major Hargrave, as he was called, the individual first mentioned, was the son of a Maryland planter, who, because of his marrying contrary to his father's wishes, had been disowned and disinherited. Brought up in supposedly luxury, he found himself, on the death of the possessor of a lovely and amiable wife, but without pecuniary means—the being the daughter of a gentleman who had died insolvent. The widowed mother of Mrs. Hargrave, however, had a small property, which had been settled upon her by her father; and she at once gave her son-in-law an invitation to make her home his home. He accepted the invitation, and thenceforth took charge of all her business, till the day of her death, which occurred during the winter preceding the spring of the opening of our story.

On the death of the mother, the property she left was equally divided between the two daughters—the wife of Hargrave and the sister becoming her—the only heirs; but the whole, after paying the funeral expenses and a few small bequests, did not, besides the three negroes already mentioned, amount to a thousand dollars.

Major Hargrave had now three children—the eldest seven and the youngest three—and to provide for these, and give them a start in life, when they should become of age, he resolved to venture into the wilds, to make for himself many persons in straightened circumstances were then leaving their steps, and where, in the absence of the duty, land could be had for the "taking up." Or, in other words, to speak more explicitly, Virginia, in order to induce persons to settle on her unoccupied lands, had frequently passed laws, to the effect that any settler, or settlers, who should erect a cabin on those lands, and raise a crop of grain, however small, should be entitled to four hundred acres thereof, with a pre-emption right to a thousand acres adjoining, provided the latter was so located as to be the first free from all prior claims of a like nature.

This wise policy on the part of Virginia's legislature, drew a tide of emigration eastward and within her borders, which increased her unsettled territory many years in the otherwise natural march of civilization. For the sake of lands to be had for the mere living upon, many families were found to run the dangers and endure the hardships of entering a new country, hitherto occupied only by wild beasts and savages. Among those adventurers, as the reader perceives, was the household of Major Hargrave, whose subsequent history and eventful experiences will form the matter with which we hope to interest him in the pages that follow.

Of the members composing this household, there are but two of whom it will be necessary to speak in this connection; and these are the moonling or simpleton, and the sister of the wife.

To begin with the former, it suits our present purpose to say that Jacob Chesterave—or, as he was more generally and familiarly called, Simple Roley, owing to his want of intellect, and a kind of plodding, rolling motion which he exhibited in walking—was a second cousin of the Williams, which was the family name of Mrs. Hargrave. His father died before his birth, and his mother about ten years preceding the date of our story. Poor, friendless, or orphan, without home, incapable of maintaining himself, he was truly an object of pity; and as such Mrs. Williams offered him a place in her family, which he gladly accepted. The death of his benefactress threw him upon the mercy of Hargrave; who, being a man of a noble, generous nature, kindly informed him he should not want for the necessaries of life so long as he himself should live to provide them for his own family. The poor fellow shed tears of gratitude at this announcement; for he had at times sufficient intellect to understand his own mental deficiency, and also the solidity of a roof which protected the kind offer of Hargrave.

In truth, Jacob, or Simple Roley, as we shall often term him, was not a downright fool. He had some understanding; and there were lucid intervals in his forlorn state, when he possessed quite knowing, displayed a good share of common sense, and even rose to ironic wit, and there were times again, when a hearty cloud, or pall, seemed to envelope his poor brain, and cast black shadows, as of an eternal mental night, upon his soul.

The personal appearance of Simple Roley was not of a nature prepossessing. He was tall, lank, ungainly, awkward. His head was small, and he had nearly white, flaxen hair, scanty and quite knowing, displayed a good share of common sense, and even rose to ironic wit, and there were times again, when a heavy cloud, or pall, seemed to envelope his poor brain, and cast black shadows, as of an eternal mental night, upon his soul.

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Gertrude was about two-and-twenty years of age, of a fine form, with a very pleasing, and, in some respects, handsome face. Her features were regular and animated, and her eyes dark and expressive. Her hair, which was also dark, was rich, and black, sparkling eyes. She had an amiable, sweet tempered disposition, and a superior mind, and was, indeed, a very prepossessing and interesting girl.

She had, for that period, received a very good education—an education, in fact, which, connected with her natural love of study, had fitted her for the most refined society—and she could have remained in it, and been justly admired, perhaps, in a worldly point of view, than in visiting her fortune with that of her new home. But Gertrude, to her praise be it spoken, was not a selfish being; she loved her sister; and when she found it was the lot of Mrs. Hargrave to remove into the wilderness, she resolved to unite to her own wisdom, and share with her the perils and hardships of a frontier life. We will only add here, that her heart was yet free, although more than one person had paid suit to her and sought her hand.

With this explanation we will proceed, and let our story, as it progresses, make known the rest.

As we have said, the last rays of the setting sun were streaming upon our party of wayfarers as they came to a halt on one of the lower hills of the Laurel Ridge, known as Laurel Ridge. Above them, to the right, rose a high peak, which, of all the vast pile that towered far but to the left the view was more enlarged; and before them, or westward, the vision extended over a wild, dark, unknown forest, which lay just then was beginning to put forth the bud and blossom of early spring. The day had been chilly, with signs of rain. On the loftier mountains still lay snow to a considerable depth; and the breeze having come from the regions where winter still lingered, had brought with it cold, penetrating qualities, that were felt to a manner of a gentleman. He had died insolvent. The widowed mother of Mrs. Hargrave, however, had a small property, which had been settled upon her by her father; and she at once gave her son-in-law an invitation to make her home his home. He accepted the invitation, and thenceforth took charge of all her business, till the day of her death, which occurred during the winter preceding the spring of the opening of our story.

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CHAPTER II.

THE ALARM.

When Simple Roley quitted his black companion, instead of approaching the fire, he went but six steps in an opposite direction, and closed the deep hill which we have mentioned as rising high above the place of encampment. He stopped not at the base of the hill, but ascended about seventy-five or a hundred feet, when he came to a large, flat rock, upon which he stumbled, and there seated himself in such a position, that, by the aid of the fire-light, he could overlook the place he had left.

"The world is not prepared for my revelation," he muttered, as he gathered his wet locks from his face, like a tailor upon a sea-board. "Well, the world is the loser," he sighed; and resting his chin upon his hands, and his elbows on his knees, he soon became lost in a silent reverie: which continued for more than a quarter of an hour, during which time he moved not a limb nor a muscle.

Meantime, preparations for the evening meal had been actively going forward at the camp. Aunt Chloe, as she was called, the consort matrimonial of Cuba, had already succeeded in making a kettle of mush, and putting a large corn-cake into very warm quarters, and was now in the act of broiling some slices of beef; most, which only the day previous formed a portion of a wild animal, whose curiosity having taken it within bullet range of one of the party of travellers, had been shot by the Major. The other servants were busily engaged, getting everything to rights—but, like most southern negroes, talking three times as many steps as were absolutely necessary to the performance of them.

At last the announcement was made that the meal was ready—a bed serving for a table, and a blanket for a table-cloth. As the Major, with his wife and children and Gertrude, gathered around the frugal repast, an inquiry was made for Simple Roley, who, notwithstanding his want of intellect, and a certain complacency which he maintained with the negroes, was always considered a place with the family at the first table.

"Where is he, Cuba?" asked the Major, of his ebony proxy. "I left him with you, to explain some wonderful discovery he had just made, and I should be sorry to think you comprehend him than I."

"Dat's truff, massa"—and de succumstance dat fries' Roley went on for to exclujidate, was oh de most unconvenshun succumstance—"

"Then, Cuba—that will do!" cried the Major, choking down a mouthful of hot mush, and fairly tossing his throat, in his haste to prevent the loquacious negro entering into anything like a detail of what had passed between him and the simpleton. "I did not ask you what he said, Cuba—but where he is now?"

"Well, massa'r, dat am more dan I can pro-nosticate: but I seed him g'wine toward de mountains; and it's likely he's gone for to make de succumstance of de manner of fries' Roley's 'pearance, as she on de liquidification of de spring."

"That's a very good remark for you, Cuba, being as you are of darker intellect than me—and I wish you'd put it, Cuba, so as I told the Major, because there's any in it."

"Why, why, fries' Roley, dat is nothing but de wind," said the negro, opening his eyes with broad stare.

"So the Major surmised," replied Roley; "but it seems there were two fits that couldn't. Now mark, Cuba! and let the little knowledge you've got expand!" pursued the simpleton, with the air of a learned professor. "It is admitted, by both you and I, that the Major, as an indisputable fact, that the sap in the trees keeps it green; and therefore, could this sap be removed, the trees must grow dry."

"Y-a-a," said the black, again scratching his head, and somewhat bewildered in the argument.

"Well, Cuba, [—Jacob Chesterave—I, Simple Roley, as men call me—I, the fool, the moonling, have found it, Cuba—have hit upon a plan for removing it."

"Yes lah!"

"Yes, I have. You wonder, I see, and no wonder you do, as I said to the Major; and to most wonder of the people you bring hither. New mark, Cuba! and I'll tell you how it is to be done. First, I must speak to you—I must whisper it in your ear, that the wind may not catch the news—for the wind has ears, Cuba—and, moreover, it has a tongue, and it goes and I will the Major only to have it, as the sil I have to give him for his kindness."

"Yes, massa'r," pursued Simple Roley, at length, lowering his electric accents to a tone, feelings of a tender nature must be cast aside, and the only regard entertained be for the task, and that the reason green wood can't grow dry, is because there's sap in it."

"Yes, massa'r."

"Wherefore it follows, that if that sap can be removed it will grow dry. Simple Roley is no fool!"

"I have thought of a way by which that can be done. And I must speak to no one about it, for if anything, a still more important air. "That sap is gone, I will return to the camp, and impress upon the new enraptured Roley, he reserved the remark."

"But motion am de d'ing under obsecvation, am very satisfactionary, fries' Roley: but de moon pint at de fire, and de fire pint at de sky, and you acquity, am how de motion am to be dispensed to de green tree?"

"And did I, who have originated this grand idea, tell you how it was to be done, Cuba? Am I a fool? No! never. Let men of lesser brains do that. Enough for me, to have put you upon a track by which you may arrive at the knowledge. Go your way, Cuba—go your way: I, Simple Roley, have done my duty. I am in no humor; and that man is truly a fool, that casts pearls before swine. I will, then, vanish and be left entirely to myself for this revelation; for making my secret known, I forever I shall still be called a fool. But, be it so;" and he folded his arms with resignation. "When the time comes that my idea can be carried into effect, then will I, Simple Roley, have my name shall be on the lips of every being in the land, and the world will ring with it. And not in obscurity, like many another great philosopher that has trod this vale of life before me, and left his name to be found out by some long stalled sage, with some such feelings as fill that I do, but could do anything for them, but by the sacrifice of his own poor life, it were a proper and a righteous thing so to do.

With this idle apparent in his imbecile mind, he watched the moving object with the same degree of stunted interest that an animal, guided alone by instinct, might be supposed to watch the motions of a deadly foe.

Near, and nearer—by a slow, silent, almost imperceptible movement—drew the suspected object, in the rock upon which Simple Roley sat: and the latter, now more strongly than ever impressed with the idea of danger, fully believed that the object would be seen to be the cause of alarm. At last the figure reached the rock; and as its head rose above the level of the top, it was evident the impression was striking, for he left certain it was an Indian.

Yet, to all appearance it was a savage, and therefore his worst fears were confirmed: for why should a savage approach in this cautious manner, unless he had designs upon the party below? But what was to be done? was the next important query to be asked of himself by Roley. Should he bound away, and give the alarm? or should he remain quiet, and watch the movements of the intruder?

While sitting, pondering, undecided as in which course he should pursue, the simpleton saw the face of the savage turn toward him with a fearful of being discovered, and acting from an impulse entirely new to him, he made a sudden bound forward, and, as chance, or fate, or Providence would have it, landed fairly upon the shoulders of the suspected foe. The startled figure, at the same time, gave a yell and a leap; but, missing his footing, fell: and his head striking against a rock, he was deprived of consciousness, if not of life. The simpleton was startled somewhat by his own fall; but, landing upon a thick cluster of bushes, was more scared than hurt. Regaining his feet, he soon the nearest course to the camp; and fear lending fortune to his limbs, he was not long in reaching the spot: into which he rushed, all breathless, shouting—

"Indians! Indians! Indians!"

Great was the alarm and confusion which this unexpected news occasioned. All sprang to their feet; and amid the screams of women and children, the Major grasped his rifle, and, pistols and tomahawk in his girdle, prepared to defend with his life those under his protection—at the same time calling to Cuba and Dick, the two male servants, to follow his example—an order which was obeyed with a promptness worthy of disciplined soldiers, although both of the blacks fairly quaked with terrors which no ordinary alarm could produce. Hargrave waiting some minutes in the expectation of an attack, but finding none was made, and ascertaining no signs of the approach of one, the Major began to think the whole might be a false alarm, which had originated solely in the excited brain of the simpleton.

Acting upon this idea, he turned to the latter, who was standing near, with his arms folded across his breast, and sternly demanded:

"Jacob, what is the meaning of all this?"

The simpleton merely stared upon him, with a vacant look, but spoke not a word in the way of explanation.

"I say, what is the meaning of all this?" again demanded the Major, in a tone even more stern and severe.

But to this, as before, there was no reply.

"Say, Edward, do not speak so harshly to the poor fellow," interposed Gertrude, gently. "Let me try what I can do to get at the truth by milder questioning. Jacob, dear Jacob!" she inquired, in a soft, musical tone, at the same time placing a hand on his shoulder, and looking into his face with a charming smile.

The eyes of the simpleton now encountered hers; but for a moment there was no sign of recognition. Then a sudden change came over his features—and he was really waiting for the wind to appear to him in a tangible body; that he might have something to war with a human being. By time looking steadily, his eyes became gradually so accustomed to the darkness, that at length he recognized the face which was bending so sweetly upon his own, and he said, in a tone of deep feeling:

"Why, don't you know, Mistress Gerty?"

"No, Roley, I forget."

"Ah! yes, I see. Laugh I can, I see. Why, I jumped right upon his shoulders."

"Did you, indeed? Ah, me! how stupid I was to forget!"

"Yes," pursued the simpleton, his blank features brightening with a ray of intelligence, "Mistress Gerty, and I will tell you how it happened. You see I was sitting on a large flat rock, up there on the hill, and I saw the Indian coming slowly toward me. He could not see me, for I was behind a bush; and he turned to take a look at me, and I jumped right upon him."

"And what became of him?" inquired the Major.

"I am talking to Mistress Gerty, sir!" said Simple Roley, with a look of offended dignity.

"Well, Roley, what became of the Indian?" inquired Gertrude, in a tone which, in spite of herself, could not prevent a contemptuous smile from playing around her mouth.

"Why, he's not here now, Mistress Gerty," replied the simpleton, with a very serious air, touched him on the shoulder, and continued:

"Major Hargrave, I have asked a small question, of some importance, and you don't answer. Now, I take it for granted that the lost knows best what the wise man?"

"You may take as much for granted, Roley, if you can answer your own question."

"Aha! I thought so, Major," returned the moonling, with an air of consequence, as he tapped his own forehead. "It is here. Major, don't fear the reason that your counsel can't give you sir, is because there's sap in it."

"Any fool could give that answer," replied the Major, laughing.

"No, saving your presence, there was one other could not," rejoined Roley, pointedly.—"How much, Major Hargrave! have counsels something of still greater importance."

"Well, out with it, Roley; for if you have got an idea on that little brain of yours, it ought to be said to any fairies lived in."

"Major Hargrave," pursued the simpleton, with an unconcerning gravity air, "you are a husband, a father, a master, and my benefactor: I love you, and would like to to always with you to make you free; but something may occur to produce a separation—I may die or be taken prisoner by the Indians; and should either of those events happen, it would be no more than right and proper that I should leave behind me plenty of dry wood. If you love you will attend to my advice, Major, I'll show you how you can get it."

"Grow dry wood, Roley?"

"Ay, sir—that's the point—grow dry wood. You wonder at all, I see, and wonder you do—but the idea, I think, is my own."

"Well, well, out with it. Yet stay! here comes Cuba—[pointing to one of the negroes, who, having performed his part with regard to the horses, now came shuffling toward the party fires.]—I will make him my proxy; for I have something else to do."

"Cuba," pursued the simpleton, addressing the black, with the same air of serious importance, "you are my proxy, your master's proxy. You are honored, Cuba. Attention!"

Cuba was one of your thick-jointed, fat-nosed, good-natured, loquacious, argumentative gentlemen of color, and was by nature very well fitted to play the part of proxy for the weak and feeble Roley's calibre. With a broad grin of satisfaction, as he spread the palms of his hands to the blaze, he said:

"Wah's de succumstance oh disposition, fries' Roley?"

"Listen, Cuba, and you shall hear, and get wisdom from a fool. The question is, why can't green wood grow dry?"

"Why, it done so, fries' Roley, when it an out down, you know."

"No, Cuba, you mistake the important bearing of the question. I mean, why can't it grow dry standing up in the woods?"

"Oh, dat so' way, hey?" returned the negro, looking straight in the fire, and seeming to be wonderfully head, with an air of perplexity: "you mean so' way, hey?"

"I mean exactly as expressed, Cuba."

"Well, stop—don't you tell—but jes gib dis nigger time to straightify de subject in de mind, dat de explanification, when perfected, may be satisfactionary. Dar now! I tink I got him. Yes, fries' Roley, I hab it. De reason, you see, why de wood in de tree don't grow dry, am, cause oh de liquidification of de sap!"

"That's a very good remark for you, Cuba, being as you are of darker intellect than me—and I wish you'd put it, Cuba, so as I told the Major, because there's any in it."

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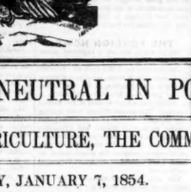
Our Picture Gallery.



GOLD SEEKER'S GRAVE ON THE TURON.

Original Sketches.

SKETCHES BY FANNY FERN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

WHOSE DOTH IT CONCERN?

"Stitch—stitch—stitch! will this never end?" said a young girl, pausing her needle against the casement, and dropping her moist hands languidly in her lap. "Stitch—stitch—stitch! from dawn till dark, and yet I scarce keep soul and body together;" and she drew her thin shawl more closely over her shivering frame.

The rain fell upon the green house opposite. There was comfort there, and luxury, too; for the rich satin curtains were looped gracefully away from the large window; a blaze several spoke the hall door: see, there are statues and vases and pictures there: see, two young girls trip lightly out upon the pavement, their lustrous silks and nodding plumes and jewelled bracelets presenting a perfect blaze of splendor; and, as the Major began to think the whole might be a false alarm, which had originated solely in the excited brain of the simpleton.

Acting upon this idea, he turned to the latter, who was standing near, with his arms folded across his breast, and sternly demanded:

"Jacob, what is the meaning of all this?"

The simpleton merely stared upon him, with a vacant look, but spoke not a word in the way of explanation.

"I say, what is the meaning of all this?" again demanded the Major, in a tone even more stern and severe.

But to this, as before, there was no reply.

"Say, Edward, do not speak so harshly to the poor fellow," interposed Gertrude, gently. "Let me try what I can do to get at the truth by milder questioning. Jacob, dear Jacob!" she inquired, in a soft, musical tone, at the same time placing a hand on his shoulder, and looking into his face with a charming smile.

The eyes of the simpleton now encountered hers; but for a moment there was no sign of recognition. Then a sudden change came over his features—and he was really waiting for the wind to appear to him in a tangible body; that he might have something to war with a human being. By time looking steadily, his eyes became gradually so accustomed to the darkness, that at length he recognized the face which was bending so sweetly upon his own, and he said, in a tone of deep feeling:

"Why, don't you know, Mistress Gerty?"

"No, Roley, I forget."

"Ah! yes, I see. Laugh I can, I see. Why, I jumped right upon his shoulders."

"Did you, indeed? Ah, me! how stupid I was to forget!"

"Yes," pursued the simpleton, his blank features brightening with a ray of intelligence, "Mistress Gerty, and I will tell you how it happened. You see I was sitting on a large flat rock, up there on the hill, and I saw the Indian coming slowly toward me. He could not see me, for I was behind a bush; and he turned to take a look at me, and I jumped right upon him."

"And what became of him?" inquired the Major.

"I am talking to Mistress Gerty, sir!" said Simple Roley, with a look of offended dignity.

"Well, Roley, what became of the Indian?" inquired Gertrude, in a tone which, in spite of herself, could not prevent a contemptuous smile from playing around her mouth.

"Why, he's not here now, Mistress Gerty," replied the simpleton, with a very serious air, touched him on the shoulder, and continued:

"Major Hargrave, I have asked a small question, of some importance, and you don't answer. Now, I take it for granted that the lost knows best what the wise man?"

"You may take as much for granted, Roley, if you can answer your own question."

"Aha! I thought so, Major," returned the moonling, with an air of consequence, as he tapped his own forehead. "It is here. Major, don't fear the reason that your counsel can't give you sir, is because there's sap in it."

"Any fool could give that answer," replied the Major, laughing.

"No, saving your presence, there was one other could not," rejoined Roley, pointedly.—"How much, Major Hargrave! have counsels something of still greater importance."

"Well, out with it, Roley; for if you have got an idea on that little brain of yours, it ought to be said to any fairies lived in."

"Major Hargrave," pursued the simpleton, with an unconcerning gravity air, "you are a husband, a father, a master, and my benefactor: I love you, and would like to to always with you to make you free; but something may occur to produce a separation—I may die or be taken prisoner by the Indians; and should either of those events happen, it would be no more than right and proper that I should leave behind me plenty of dry wood. If you love you will attend to my advice, Major, I'll show you how you can get it."

"Grow dry wood, Roley?"

"Ay, sir—that's the point—grow dry wood. You wonder at all, I see, and wonder you do—but the idea, I think, is my own."

"Well, well, out with it. Yet stay! here comes Cuba—[pointing to one of the negroes, who, having performed his part with regard to the horses, now came shuffling toward the party fires.]—I will make him my proxy; for I have something else to do."

"Cuba," pursued the simpleton, addressing the black, with the same air of serious importance, "you are my master's proxy. You are honored, Cuba. Attention!"

Cuba was one of your thick-jointed, fat-nosed, good-natured, loquacious, argumentative gentlemen of color, and was by nature very well fitted to play the part of proxy for the weak and feeble Roley's calibre. With a broad grin of satisfaction, as he spread the palms of his hands to the blaze, he said:

"Wah's de succumstance oh disposition, fries' Roley?"

"Listen, Cuba, and you shall hear, and get wisdom from a fool. The question is, why can't green wood grow dry?"

"Why, it done so, fries' Roley, when it an out down, you know."

"No, Cuba, you mistake the important bearing of the question. I mean, why can't it grow dry standing up in the woods?"

"Oh, dat so' way, hey?" returned the negro, looking straight in the fire, and seeming wonderfully head, with an air of perplexity: "you mean so' way, hey?"

"I mean exactly as expressed, Cuba."

"Well, stop—don't you tell—but jes gib dis nigger time to straightify de subject in de mind, dat de explanification, when perfected, may be satisfactionary. Dar now! I tink I got him. Yes, fries' Roley, I hab it. De reason, you see, why de wood in de tree don't grow dry, am, cause oh de liquidification of de sap!"

"That's a very good remark for you, Cuba, being as you are of darker intellect than me—and I wish you'd put it, Cuba, so as I told the Major, because there's any in it."

"Why, why, fries' Roley, dat is nothing but de wind," said the negro, opening his eyes with broad stare.

"So the Major surmised," replied Roley; "but it seems there were two fits that couldn't. Now mark, Cuba! and let the little knowledge you've got expand!" pursued the simpleton, with the air of a learned professor. "It is admitted, by both you and I, that the Major, as an indisputable fact, that the sap in the trees keeps it green; and therefore, could this sap be removed, the trees must grow dry."

"Y-a-a," said the black, again scratching his head, and somewhat bewildered in the argument.

"Well, Cuba, [—Jacob Chesterave—I, Simple Roley, as men call me—I, the fool, the moonling, have found it, Cuba—have hit upon a plan for removing it."

"Yes lah!"

"Yes, I have. You wonder, I see, and no wonder you do, as I said to the Major; and to most wonder of the people you bring hither. New mark, Cuba! and I'll tell you how it is to be done. First, I must speak to you—I must whisper it in your ear, that the wind may not catch the news—for the wind has ears, Cuba—and, moreover, it has a tongue, and it goes and I will the Major only to have it, as the sil I have to give him for his kindness."

"Yes, massa'r," pursued Simple Roley, at length, lowering his electric accents to a tone, feelings of a tender nature must be cast aside, and the only regard entertained be for the task, and that the reason green wood can't grow dry, is because there's sap in it."

"Yes, massa'r."

"Wherefore it follows, that if that sap can be removed it will grow dry. Simple Roley is no fool!"

"I have thought of a way by which that can be done. And I must speak to no one about it, for if anything, a still more important air. "That sap is gone, I will return to the camp, and impress upon the new enraptured Roley, he reserved the remark."

"But motion am de d'ing under obsecvation, am very satisfactionary, fries' Roley: but de moon pint at de fire, and de fire pint at de sky, and you acquity, am how de motion am to be dispensed to de green tree?"

"And did I, who have originated this grand idea, tell you how it was to be done, Cuba? Am I a fool? No! never. Let men of lesser brains do that. Enough for me, to have put you upon a track by which you may arrive at the knowledge. Go your way, Cuba—go your way: I, Simple Roley, have done my duty. I am in no humor; and that man is truly a fool, that casts pearls before swine. I will, then, vanish and be left entirely to myself for this revelation; for making my secret known, I forever I shall still be called a fool. But, be it so;" and he folded his arms with resignation. "When the time comes that my idea can be carried into effect, then will I, Simple Roley, have my name shall be on the lips of every being in the land, and the world will ring with it. And not in obscurity, like many another great philosopher that has trod this vale of life before me, and left his name to be found out by some long stalled sage, with some such feelings as fill that I do, but could do anything for them, but by the sacrifice of his own poor life, it were a proper and a righteous thing so to do.

With this idle apparent in his imbecile mind, he watched the moving object with the same degree of stunted interest that an animal, guided alone by instinct, might be supposed to watch the motions of a deadly foe.

Near, and nearer—by a slow, silent, almost imperceptible movement—drew the suspected object, in the rock upon which Simple Roley

sat: and the latter, now more strongly than ever impressed with the idea of danger, fully believed that the object would be seen to be the cause of alarm. At last the figure reached the rock; and as its head rose above the level of the top, it was evident the impression was striking, for he left certain it was an Indian.

Yet, to all appearance it was a savage, and therefore his worst fears were confirmed: for why should a savage approach in this cautious manner, unless he had designs upon the party below? But what was to be done? was the next important query to be asked of himself by Roley. Should he bound away, and give the alarm? or should he remain quiet, and watch the movements of the intruder?

While sitting, pondering, undecided as in which course he should pursue, the simpleton saw the face of the savage turn toward him with a fearful of being discovered, and acting from an impulse entirely new to him, he made a sudden bound forward, and, as chance, or fate, or Providence would have it, landed fairly upon the shoulders of the suspected foe. The startled figure, at the same time, gave a yell and a leap; but, missing his footing, fell: and his head striking against a rock, he was deprived of consciousness, if not of life. The simpleton was startled somewhat by his own fall; but, landing upon a thick cluster of bushes, was more scared than hurt. Regaining his feet, he soon the nearest course to the camp; and fear lending fortune to his limbs, he was not long in reaching the spot: into which he rushed, all breathless, shouting—

"Indians! Indians! Indians!"

Great was the alarm and confusion which this unexpected news occasioned. All sprang to their feet; and amid the screams of women and children, the Major grasped his rifle, and, pistols and tomahawk in his girdle, prepared to defend with his life those under his protection—at the same time calling to Cuba and Dick, the two male servants, to follow his example—an order which was obeyed with a promptness worthy of disciplined soldiers, although both of the blacks fairly quaked with terrors which no ordinary alarm could produce. Hargrave waiting some minutes in the expectation of an attack, but finding none was made, and ascertaining no signs of the approach of one, the Major began to think the whole might be a false alarm, which had originated solely in the excited brain of the simpleton.

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"And what became of

Pictures of Life.

CHRISTMAS: OR, THE GOOD FAIRY.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

[illegible]

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1854.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies,	$5,00	Per Annum.
8 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$10,00	"
13 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$15,00	"
20 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$20,00	"

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post-Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

A NEW ARRANGEMENT.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post-Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Our contributors will be the following brilliant array of writers—with all of whom positive arrangements have been made:

Mrs. Southworth, Emerson Bennett, Grace Greenwood, Mrs. Denison and Fanny Fern.

We are now publishing, according to promise, the original novelet of

THE BRIDE OF THE WILDERNESS.

Written expressly for the Post, by EMERSON BENNETT, author of "Viola," "Clara Moreland," "The Forged Will," &c. Back numbers, containing the opening of the story, will be sent to new subscribers until farther notice.

This novelet we design following by another called

THE STEP MOTHER.

By MRS. MARY A. DENISON, author of "Home Pictures, numerous Domestic Sketches, &c.

We also have the promise of a number of

SKETCHES BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Whose brilliant pen will be almost exclusively employed upon the Post and her own little paper for children.

We have made arrangements also for a series of articles from a new star in the literary horizon,—whose scintillations have been hailed with delight by thousands. They will be entitled a

NEW SERIES OF SKETCHES.

BY FANNY FERN.

MRS. SOUTHWORTH, whose fascinating works are being rapidly republished in England, also will maintain her old and pleasant connection with the Post. The next story from her gifted pen will be entitled,

MIRIAM, THE AVENGER: OR, THE FATAL VOW.

In addition to the above splendid array of Novelets and Sketches—we have made arrangements for the usual supply of Foreign Correspondence from Europe, &c. This will include a series of LETTERS FROM DEMARARA, by MRS. DENISON, descriptive of the manners, customs, scenery, &c., of British Guiana. MR. DENISON, American Consul to British Guiana, also has promised us some letters descriptive of that portion of the South American world.

Engravings, Choice Selections, Agricultural Articles, the News, CONGRESSIONAL REPORTS, &c., &c., shall be given as heretofore. And in view of the above attractions, involving a large outlay of money, we feel emboldened in asking a continuance of that warm and hearty support which we have received from our readers in years past. It needs but a proper recommendation of the Post to neighbors and friends, to swell up our list during the coming year, to the grand total of one hundred thousand subscribers. With less than that number we are resolved now not to be satisfied.

TO THE PRESS.

We copyright the Sketches by Grace Greenwood and Fanny Fern, at the request of the authors. Their object is to prevent the publication of the Sketches in *book form*, by unauthorized publishers. We have no objection to the copying of said articles by our brethren of the press, whenever they think fit to do so—of course, proper credit being always given.

OUR THANKS.—We must return our hearty thanks to our readers—old and new—for the manner in which they have fairly poured their subscriptions upon us during some weeks past. The indications are, so far, that we shall make a very large addition to our list in the next few months—and, as we hope, scale the summit of the great pinnacle of 100,000 subscribers.

As a sample of what our friends have been doing for us, we may mention that, in one week, that between Christmas and New Year's, we received about 7,000 names, counting new subscriptions and renewals of old ones—or an average of over 1,100 for each working day. This is a great country—and the Post is a great paper. When it gets 100,000 subscribers, it may properly be classed among our national Institutions.

THE STORM.—The snow-storm in which the Old Year went out, and the New Year came in—a winding-sheet for one, and a soft white robe for the other—seems to have stretched far and wide. Probably it reached somewhere near the North Pole in one direction, and into the Carolinas in the other. Along the north-eastern coast, great damage was done by the high winds to the shipping. Vessels seem to have been driven ashore by the fifties. We also hear of great loss of life. Sad was the coming in of the New Year to hundreds of poor mariners. We read of one case, where a child froze to death while in its mother's arms—the latter clinging to the rigging. It was the Captain's wife of the barque Elizabeth Stout—the name also, probably, of the sad-hearted mother, who died from grief and exhaustion after reaching the shore. Ah, ye who lie in comfortable beds at night, when the bleak north-east raves around your dwelling, put up a prayer for those who go down to the sea in ships, whose homes are on the great waters.

DEATH OF MR. NORRIS.—The Rev. Thomas J. Norris, publisher and editor of the Boston "Olive Branch," departed this life at his residence in Somerville, on the 21st of December. Mr. Norris seemed to be, judging from his paper, a man of strong convictions, great independence, and considerable ability. We differed from him in many of his views, but seldom picked up his paper without finding something that we could extract with profit for our own. Doubtless arrangements already have been made to carry on the paper with an ability equal to that heretofore manifested.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—A gentleman of our acquaintance recently lost a couple of buttons off his pantaloons in the course of a single day, and immediately began a tirade against the woman's rights' movement.

A GEM NUMBER.

Have we not fulfilled our promise, that the present should be a gem number? In language somewhat similar to Daniel Webster's famous Senatorial defence of old Massachusetts, we may say—We shall enter on no encomium upon our paper—it needs none. There it is—behold it, and judge for yourselves. There are its contents—the world will soon know them by heart. The Post at least is secure. There is Bennett, and Southworth, and Grace Greenwood, and Fanny Fern; and the good in them shall remain forever. The numbers of the Post, issued in our great struggle for an Independence, now lie scattered at the firesides of every state from New England to California; and there they will remain (we hope) forever.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

The news from Europe is important, principally on account of the resignation of Lord Palmerston from the British Cabinet. He withdraws ostensibly in consequence of a disagreement with his colleagues, on the new Reform bill of Lord John Russell's; but really, as everybody believes, on account of the Eastern Question. The present Ministry is fast growing very unpopular, because of its quiddling policy relative to Turkish affairs; and Palmerston probably takes this method to show that he is the advocate of a bolder and more energetic course,—and, therefore, the proper man to organize a new Cabinet, at the fall of the present coalition one.

The naval combat between the Turks and Russians at Sinope, seems not to have been so favorable for the latter as at first reported. The Russians had 24 sail to the 18 of the Turks—while only eleven of the Turkish vessels were destroyed, to seven of the Russian. The Turks fought so desperately, that of all the spoils of this "brilliant victory," the Russians took into Sebastopol only a few wounded men, but not a plank of a Turkish ship. The ship of the Russian Admiral had to be buoyed up before it reached Sebastopol, to keep it from sinking.

The report is confirmed that Persia has declared war against Turkey. Such help is needed much by Russia, for in Asia the allied Turks and Circassians seem to be carrying all before them. Schamyl had captured six Russian fortresses. Of a still morning, one can almost hear the Circassians laughing, to think they have got their ancient enemy so "on the hip" at last.

The effect of the Persian declaration of war, as well as of the affair at Sinope, probably will be to make Great Britain take a more decided part in the affray. The latest report by telegraph was that the allied French and English fleets had been ordered to enter the Black Sea. If they do, they will have no need to carry a broom at their mast head—one sight of them will be sufficient for the Russian fleet. It will be *fast* indeed.

THE CENSUS.

Great complaints continue to be made as to the inaccuracy of the census tables. An inaccurate census, relative to commercial and manufacturing statistics, is scarcely better than none at all—as it is often more desirable to know nothing, than to know what is only partly true. The North American, of this city, says that the manufactories of Philadelphia are greatly underrated—instead, for instance, of "*three* calico printers, we must have at least fifteen or twenty—with a gross production ten times that returned in the census. The value of chemicals produced here must amount to many millions of money, in the place of four hundred thousand dollars. The yearly manufacture of fire engines for this city alone, must exceed the total production for the whole nation reported in the census tables. We find by the census, that in 1850, Philadelphia manufactured soap and candles to the value of one million three hundred and twelve thousand dollars and in 1840, to the value of more than five millions and a half. The value of the drugs, paints and dyes, or chemicals, in 1850, was four hundred and thirty-six thousand dollars, while in 1840 it amounted to nearly two millions. We might cite other equally extraordinary examples of this kind, but the above will suffice for our purpose."

Thus, according to the census, the manufacture of soap and candles, drugs, paints, &c., &c., in Philadelphia, has actually retrograded to about one-fourth, since 1840! "My son, see with what *wisdom* the world is governed!"

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESSES.—We have seen a number of the New Year's Addresses, but, in our *impartial* opinion, our own "takes the rag off the bush." But let no one pretend to judge of its merits before reading it at least three times—for it will improve with every reading; the true test of merit.

The next best Address we have seen, is, we think, the Daily Register's. It is both spicy and eloquent. The Public Ledger's is also very good—though a little grandiloquent. It is headed with an engraving of Guttenburg's first experiment in the art of printing. The following spicy touch is from the *Register's* Address:—

> Have we the Sandwich Islands yet? we want that Ocean suite.
> We need a vast volcanic jet to make the land complete;
> Niagara we have, you know, which all the world admires;
> We need a mountain in the snow, belching its inward fires.
> And Cuba like a "falling pear," that ripe fruit of the sea,
> Swings slowly in the sultry air awaiting destiny.
> Some love the *soundest* fruit the best, with ruddy beauty decked,
> But *our good people's pirate taste runs to the black and specked.*

NO GO.—An attempt recently was made to break a will in New York, on the allegation of insanity, as shown by the testator's being a believer in magic, the divining rod, the philosopher's stone, the water of life, &c. The evidence only proved, however, that the decedent was quite a student of magic, and entertained these opinions more as matters of speculative probability than serious belief.

Things would have come to a pretty pass, indeed, if a man's will could be broken on such pleas. Why, we are more than half a believer in the divining rod ourself—and see nothing absolutely impossible in the manufacture of the precious metals or of diamonds. As to the water of youth—we believe in no other than that which lies at the close of this mortal pilgrimage; and from the dark waves of which the good man arises an immortal being, clad in the brightness of perpetual spring. If the above suit had prevailed, next there would be attempts made to break the wills of the believers in spiritual communications—whose name is legion.

ANCIENT PREDICTION.—The following is said to be an ancient prediction of what may be expected, when Christmas falls, as this year, on a Sunday:

> "Lordlings, all of you I warn,
> If the day that Christ was born
> Fall upon a Sunday,
> The winter shall be good, I say,
> But great winds aloft shall be;
> The summer shall be fair and dry
> By kind skill, and without loss,
> Through all lands there shall be peace;
> Good time for all things to be done,
> But he that stealeth shall be found soon.
> What child that day born may be
> A great lord he shall live to be."

So far, we have had the "great winds"—but as to the prospect of "a peace through all lands," we must say the chances are decidedly more favorable just now for a great war. Still, this world is very uncertain—and, if peace be preserved, in spite of appearances, we shall be apt to remember with respect the "ancient prediction."

THE RUSSIAN SOLDIERS.—The Paris *Journal des Debats* says that the Turks recently offered to release a Russian prisoner, if he would give his comrades an accurate description of things in Constantinople and inform them that "the Turks do not eat the Christians." He refused to go. "But," it was said to him, "you can see your family again." "My family!" replied the soldier, "I have now been separated from it eighteen years, and since the day that I was taken from my village, I have had no news of my father, my mother, or any of my relatives! They are perhaps all dead, or have forgotten me! Leave me here until the peace; there will always be time enough to give me up!" A sad picture this of the life of a Russian peasant, drafted for the army.

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.—Judge Oakley, in the Bennet libel case, decided that while books were open to criticism, the privilege extended only to the works themselves, and not to their authors.

Further, that a newspaper may give a correct and fair account of what is done in a Court of Justice, although, in such Court, things are often said which are calculated to injure individual character; but if it give an untrue account, and add assertions on the veracity of its editor, it becomes responsible for the truth of what it affirms.

WEAR AND TEAR OF BANK NOTES.—We see it stated that the "Catskill Bank, in thirty years, with an average circulation of $200,000, gained $16,000, as this amount has not been returned in ten years." It does not spite the banks at all for persons to abuse and deface their notes. They rather like it.

TELEGRAPH AFFAIR—GREAT EXCITEMENT AMONG THE NEWSPAPERS.—The Germantown Telegraph, edited by our respectable contemporary, Major Freas, is down upon the city press in general, and ourselves in particular, "like a thousand of brick"—really, we can compare it to nothing less overwhelming. And, what is more terrible still, the Major is endeavoring to enlist the whole of the country press under his banner, with the object, as it darkly appears, of beginning a holy war, an eighth Crusade, or something of that very sanguinary and unpleasant character.

Now the whole offence of the city press appears to be this—an enterprising spirit, wide awake to its own interests; while our offence in particular seems to be, the being the most enterprising and widest awake of all the tabooed party.

Speaking for ourselves, and leaving our city contemporaries to fight their own battles with the warlike Major, we may be allowed to state in a few words what particular manifestation of an enterprising spirit has brought down upon us both the loaded and solid columns of our "fierce adversarie."

Our offence may be divided into two parts: First, the offering to "exchange" with such of our country contemporaries as would publish the whole or certain portions of our Prospectus. Secondly, offering a certain price to various publishers to publish our Prospectus at length as an advertisement.

Now, really, we cannot perceive anything very injurious or insulting in either of the above offers. We are repeatedly asked for an exchange by papers that are not of the least use to us—having already more on our list than we can conveniently glance over. Now, we say to such papers, give us one notice yearly—we ask not for compliments, but for a fair statement of our inducements and terms—and we will put you on our already too crowded list. The Magazines cost but little more than our paper—and yet you notice them for an exchange, not only once a year, but every month. Certainly we are not very "arrogant" in asking about one-twelfth of what you seem to think fairly due to others.

And now as to the offer of paying certain publishers for the insertion of our Prospectus. The Major says, "In our 25 years' experience as an editor and publisher, we can remember nothing to approach it." Very probably not; the idea of a paper which now prints over EIGHTY THOUSAND weekly, advertising in other periodicals on a large scale! We do not wonder our worthy neighbor of the Telegraph, and other respectable gentlemen of the old school, open their eyes—and probably secretly resolve to follow in the future our example. And this last, by the way, is the mischief of it. No sooner do we make some adroit move, than certain of our contemporaries are hot on the track after us, and we have to strike out a fresh path to greatness. We are not blaming any one for this; it is all very natural—we simply state the fact.

But really we can find nothing to answer to such accusations as these. If any publisher does not want to give our Prospectus an insertion either for our paper in return, or for the hard money, let him say so—no harm is done. The Major himself refused to insert our Prospectus in his Telegraph, at his usual advertising rates,—and we have not complained of it. Some weeks since we received a fifty dollar draft from a Cincinnati publisher, with the advertisement of a certain work; but we did not like the character of the work, and so returned the money. We blame not the Major therefore for doing what we often have done ourselves—only he need not get angry at us into the bargain, and "call names."

As for ourselves, we feel able to "paddle our own canoe"—see an excellent poem with this title on the first page—without the applause, or even the approbation, of certain irascible contemporaries. Every now and then we see a virulent attack upon us in some insignificant quarter—but as we generally find, upon turning to our books, that we have large subscription lists at the places where said papers are published and circulated, we are generally content to leave our vindication to our readers in the neighborhoods referred to. We have too much business to attend to, to turn to throw stones at every cur that barks or snarls along *our* track—and it is because we really always have had much respect for the Telegraph and its publisher, that we notice its recent attack upon us.

The Major seems to have taken quite to heart our pleasantries relative to the Shanghai chicken prize and the nomination for Governor. We confess we thought the whole matter of the nomination a joke, and therefore treated it as such—but it appears that we were mistaken; in no other way can we account for the furious ire that our careless paragraph seems to have provoked. We must be more careful how we joke in relation to such delicate subjects in the future.

To one charge, however, we must reply seriously and decidedly—and that is a more than insinuation that our business promises cannot always be relied upon. To an accusation of this kind, even charity for an indignation that we unintentionally have provoked, cannot render us tolerant. It goes beyond the legitimate line of editorial warfare, and we will not endure it from any responsible source. All who have transacted business with us, and they are numbered by the hundreds, if not thousands, know that we never yet have failed in one engagement that we have contracted; and he who, after this fair warning, asserts otherwise, may rest assured that we shall hold him responsible for such an unfair and malicious accusation.

THE AFFAIR AT CINCINNATI.—We recorded in our last, the telegraphic account of an excitement at Cincinnati, originating in the proceedings of a society of Germans, calling themselves "Freemen."

It appears now that the object of the procession was simply to burn the Pope's Nuncio in effigy. That nothing more serious was intended, is proven by the fact that a number of women were in the procession, marching along with their lovers and husbands.

If the facts of the case are simply these, the course of the police in assaulting the Procession was ill-advised and disgraceful. If any attempt had been made to injure the persons or property of the members of the Roman Catholic Church, the police would have been bound to prevent it, even at the cost of life. But, as it was, the society of "Freemen" should have been allowed to have their "groans" and harmless fire-works unmolested, and human life been spared. It seems, however, that the authorities of Cincinnati were bound to enrol themselves in that list of folly, where those of Philadelphia, Baltimore and New York already have placed their names.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM.—The January number of this paper for boys and girls, is embellished with a fine portrait of the Little Pilgrim himself, by Darley. He seems to be mounting upward, and crying "Excelsior." There is also a beautiful Winter Scene, designed by Devereux. The literary contents are, we think, of the finest quality. Another number of "Countries I have Seen," by the editress—containing "Alice Vane, a Legend of Nottingham Castle;" a letter, a real boy's letter, from Australia, written by a young son of Mary Howitt's, who is now in the "bush," with his father; a capital Poetic Parody; a "School Day," by Mary E. Hubbell; the beginning of another of Miss Sproat's charming stories for children and (*other*) poets; "Minnie's Pet," a sweet story for the little ones, by the editress, &c.

Grace's many friends will be pleased to hear that the success of her little Pilgrim so far has been very encouraging. If he goes on growing so fast, he will be before many months, in his teens. There is nothing like having a talented mother, so all biographers say.

COMPLIMENTARY.—Mr. Charles Dickens, in concluding a recent number of his admirable "Child's History of England," says:

"It was in the reign of George III. that England lost North America, by persisting in taxing her without her own consent. That immense country, made independent under Washington, and left to itself, became the United States: one of the greatest nations of the earth. In these times in which I write, it is honorably remarkable for protecting its subjects, wherever they may travel, with a dignity and a determination which is a model for England. Between you and me, England has rather lost ground in this respect, since the days of Oliver Cromwell."

We are afraid the above is rather more complimentary than we deserve. Still we are coming to it very fast, we think—and the time probably will ere long arrive, when the name of American citizen shall be to every native of this Union, in even the most powerful or distant foreign land, as the wing of a protecting angel.

THE HIBERNIA'S BALL.—We return our thanks to the Hibernia Engine Company for an invitation to attend their Fourteenth Annual Ball. Though not very old, our dancing days are some years over—not to say that we were ever great adepts at shaking our props. Dancing is a beautiful amusement, however; and a sensible one, when sensibly done.

LAW.—Punch defines a Court-House as "a place where a penny's worth of justice is purchased with a shilling's worth of law."

Very true; but there may be occasions when it is better to get even a penny's worth of justice, at exorbitant prices, than to get no justice at all.

THE FRENCH DIDDLE.

A young lady informs us that such is the name of a practice which some rather affected young ladies are given to. It is manifested in an inability to stand still while conversing, or to walk firmly and gracefully while entering a room—and is apparently a kind of compound of the St. Vitus's Dance, and the vulgar graces of an inferior dancing school. The lady who acquainted us with the name of this disease—for it really seems to be such—says that she recently was completely danced or rather diddled around, while exchanging a few words in the street with an unfortunate victim of the complaint. The most sorrowful thing about these diddlers, is the fact that they seem to be entirely unaware of the ridiculous figure they present, and think the attention they attract is owing to their peculiar grace and refinement. Peculiar, indeed!

Relative to the word diddle, it signifies, as Webster informs us, "to totter, as a child in walking." And it is, therefore, very appropriate to the fashionable disease we have mentioned; which is further termed the *French diddle*, probably from having originated in the land where so many other foolish fashions come from.

BAD DOCTRINE.—Mr. Mitchell, the Irish Patriot, for whom we always have had a high admiration, uttered the following in a speech at New York:

"No Secretary or man shall charge me with fraud. I am a professed revolutionist now, an adventurer, a seditious propagandist. I mean to make use of the freedom guaranteed to me as a citizen or inchoate citizen of America, to help and to stimulate the movement of European democracy, and especially of Irish independence. I mean to claim for the revolutionary refugees here not only the hospitality and the comity of America, but also her sympathy and active friendship; nay, I claim for them that America shall be to them the very standing ground prayed for by Archimedes, whereon they may plant a lever that shall move the world."

We think that, if Mr. Mitchell will reflect coolly upon the above language, he will acknowledge its impropriety. It is not generous to take advantage of the shelter of a neighbor's roof, wherefrom to launch missiles at those with whom that neighbor is at peace. He may do all he can to enlist his neighbor in his quarrel, but further than that he cannot fairly go—especially so long as he is not recognized as an adopted member of the family. Even then, he should keep a careful watch over his conduct, lest he act more like the foreign refugee he was, than the American citizen he is.

THE SOULE AFFAIR.—It appears that it was Margaret, not Mary, of Burgundy, to whom Mrs. Soule was compared. The following account of this lady of old-time, is given by the Washington correspondent of the Ledger:

Margaret of Burgundy was a very excellent woman, who brought her husband, Philip of Burgundy, a very handsome dower, in the shape of Flanders, Mechlin, Antwerp, and the Franche-Comte; and her husband was a great ruler, and raised Burgundy to prosperity and power. The fact that the Duchess wore a high-necked dress and *ruffles*, does not justify our French attache to fly into a passion at the mere mention of her name. High-necked dresses are not intended for evening parties, either in Philadelphia or Madrid; and the allusion to ruffles need not ruffle any man's temper.

As to high-necked dresses not being intended for parties, than is a matter of opinion. We think, for one, that it is better to err in that direction than the other. It is a fault, if any, that "leans to virtue's side."

JENNY LIND.—Jenny has not lost or impaired her voice, as some warned her would be the consequence of nursing her own infant. She was ready to make the sacrifice, but it was not required at her hands. She recently sung in Dresden, the first appearance since her marriage and return from America, with all, if not more than her original power and depth of expression. There was great anxiety to procure tickets, and several hundreds were turned away disappointed.

Jenny is said to have stated that "she could never forgive herself," for having appeared on the stage. Her spirit seems to have become more serious and devotional since her marriage, which is natural in so earnest and profound a nature. Sweet Jenny, her heart and conduct are even nobler than her songs. We can wish her no greater bliss in this world, than that she may be as happy as she is good.

RETURN OF BAYARD TAYLOR.—Our old friend, and old-time correspondent, Bayard Taylor, has returned at length to these regions of enterprise, activity, and consequent big feet, from the land of torpidity and the "golden lilies."

> 'Tis the clime of the East, 'tis the land of the sun,
> Can he smile on a realm where no "street yarn" is spun?

That is the question—and Mr. Taylor, doubtless, is prepared to answer it. We quite long to hear his views upon China, Japan, little feet, Polygamy, and the social institutions and ladies of the East generally. How does he like that "ripping-up" custom of the Japanese, to show that they "won't be dared by anybody!" We trust he will enlighten us Philadelphians upon all these points, in a series of lectures.

SO THEY ALL SAY.—Mr. O. D. E., of St. Lawrence County, New York, says:—

"I proposed to my wife to drop the Post, (as we were taking so much other reading matter,) and continue the rest; but she said, '*No, drop all the rest, but keep the Post*;' so I suppose you may consider me as a permanent subscriber."

Our best bow to Mrs. E———, and we are proud to know that there are hundreds and thousands of her sex, who are equally well pleased with our paper. Gentlemen have repeatedly told us, that they would have stopped taking the Post (owing to the abundance of their reading) only their "better," and, we may add, *wiser* "halves" would not consent to it. This warm support of the ladies, is doubtless one main cause of our success.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S.—For Christmas we should have written, we suppose, a Christmas editorial—and for New Year's, another. That we have not done so, is not because we have nothing to be thankful for in the events of the Past, or the hopes of the Future. No, we acknowledge our infinite indebtedness, now and ever, to the bounteous Source of all sure mercies—the Great Giver of every good and perfect gift. And, if our acknowledgements have not found shape in words, as perhaps would have been better, never have we felt more grateful in silent thought for a path strown with blessings.

ARTESIAN WELLS.—We have another inquiry relative to Artesian wells—the average depth to which it is necessary to bore to have water running from the top, the ordinary size of the augur, how the boring is carried on, the expense of boring in rock and earth, the quality of the water, &c. Are not all these questions answered in the articles we have heretofore published upon the subject? We do not want these Artesian wells to become *great bores* to our readers.

TEXAS DEBTS.—We would inform our good friends in Texas, that the people of this part of the world, are rather disposed to consider the "scaling system" in regard to Texas bonds, which has been recently adopted, a rather *scaly* operation. We should like to hear how our Texas friends justify this system of paying State debts, for all that we hear in this direction, is as much on one side, and that the other side, as the handle of a jug.

SPIRITUAL PREDICTION.—A Washington medium has predicted that "in due time, news will be received to the effect, that on the 26th or 27th ult., a distinguished Russian officer, one who occupies a very high position, was shot dead from his horse in open day." So says the Washington correspondent of the North American. Well, we shall see.

A GOOD ONE.—An old gentleman of this city once said, in speaking of the bad consequences of disparity of fortune—especially on the wife's side—in marriage, that when he married, he had twenty cents, and his wife twenty-*five*—and that she was throwing up that extra five cents to him, ever afterwards.

THE HUNGARIANS' RESOLVE.—Kossuth, in a recent letter, declares the determination of his nation to be subject to Russia, if they are forced to make the choice, rather than to Austria. He says,—"Russia we hate with inconceivable hatred; but the House of Hapsburg we hate and despise."

RECEIPTS OF GOLD.—The following have been the receipts at the National Mint, in this city, during the last three years. For 1851, $47,957,-[illegible]; for 1852, $51,266,276; and for 1853, $52,-[illegible]67,325. The increase seems not to have been very large, since the first year of the gold discovery.

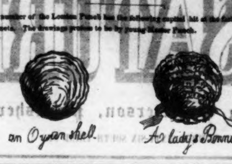
A STAR IN THE EAST.—The local reporter of the Evening Bulletin states that a "Star in the East" was seen on the Monday observed as Christmas, about noonday.

MRS. OPIE.—Amelia Opie, author of Illustrations of Lying, &c., departed this life recently at Norwich, England, in the [illegible] year of her age.

☞ "What makes the milk so warm?" asked Betty of the milkman one morning. "Please, mum, the pump handle's broke, and missis took it from the biler."

THE LADIES' BONNETS.

A late number of the London Punch has the following capital hit at the fashionable style of ladies' bonnets. The drawings profess to be by young Master Punch.



New Publications.

DRESS AS A FINE ART. With Suggestions on Children's Dress. By MRS. MERRIFIELD. With an Introduction on Head-Dress, by Professor Fairholt. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. For sale by T. B. Peterson, No. 102 Chestnut Street above Third, Philadelphia.

Quite an interesting book, full of good suggestions on the subject of which it treats. It is handsomely got up and abundantly illustrated, and will do good wherever it is read, by diffusing correct principles of taste—artistic ideas of grace and beauty. The following extract, which we commend to our young lady readers, occurs in the course of some just remarks against tight lacing.

"The true way of diminishing the apparent size of the waist, is, as we have remarked above, by increasing the power of the muscles of the upper part of the frame. This can only be done by exercise; and as the habits of society, as now constituted, preclude the employment of young ladies in household duties, they are obliged to find a substitute for this healthy exertion in callisthenics. There was a time when the Queens of Spain did not disdain to employ their royal hands in making sausages; and to such perfection was this culinary accomplishment carried at one period, that it is upon record that the Emperor Charles V., after his retirement from the cares and dignities of the empire, longed for sausages "of the kind which Queen Juana, now in glory, used to pride herself in making in the Flemish fashion." (See Mr. Stirling's "Cloister Life of Charles V.") This is really going back to the old times, when—

[illegible]

Our Correspondents

OLD WORLD SKETCHES.

BY THE REV. JAMES C. RICHMOND.

[illegible]

colored nor brown, he gravely asked after the health of Washington, and whether America was still under the protection of England? It is true Washington had then not been dead above thirty years, nor had the United States been independent, in the English sense, quite half a century. It will seem incredible, but it is nevertheless true, that I have absolutely been asked, with a serious face and an undoubted desire for information, "in what part of London America was," and "whether it were not somewhere in the neighborhood of Jerusalem."

At every village where we remained for a few minutes, the good father hastened to the church, and, before the altar, repeated his Pater Nosters and his Aves. The bell rings at the appointed times for prayers, which, at this season, are about 4 in the morning, again between 6 and 7, at noon, and soon after sunset. The room in which I am now writing, and as I before stated almost every room in the country, is furnished with holy water and a crucifix, and, at the dawn of day, the devout Tyrolese repeats his prayers before this emblem of his salvation. At 6 or 7 he hastens to the church, and on this, as on many other occasions, the village seems to pour out its whole population, the half of the church appropriated to the men, being equally crowded with that set apart for the women; and they are often found upon their knees, even in the church-yard, or upon the door-stone, and that, too, at hours when the church is empty. I have seen them kneeling in

[illegible]

Clippings.

[illegible]

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1854.

ALMANAC FOR 1854.

MONTHS.	Number of the month.	Number of the day.	Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
January,	1	1	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
31 Month.		8	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
		15	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
		22	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
		29	29	30	31				
February,	2	1				1	2	3	4
28 Month.		5	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
		12	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
		19	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
		26	26	27	28				
March,	3	1	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
31 Month.		8	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
		15	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
		22	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
		29	29	30	31				
April,	4	1				1	2	3	4
30 Month.		5	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
		12	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
		19	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
		26	26	27	28	29	30		
May,	5	1		1	2	3	4	5	6
31 Month.		7	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
		14	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
		21	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
		28	28	29	30	31			
June,	6	1					1	2	3
30 Month.		4	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
		11	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
		18	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
		25	25	26	27	28	29	30	
July,	7	1							1
31 Month.		2	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
		9	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
		16	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
		23	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
		30	30	31					
August,	8	1			1	2	3	4	5
30 Month.		6	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
		13	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
		20	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
		27	27	28	29	30	31		
September,	9	1						1	2
30 Month.		3	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
		10	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
		17	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
		24	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
October,	10	1	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
30 Month.		8	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
		15	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
		22	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
		29	29	30	31				
November,	11	1				1	2	3	4
30 Month.		5	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
		12	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
		19	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
		26	26	27	28	29	30		
December,	12	1						1	2
31 Month.		3	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
		10	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
		17	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
		24	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
		31	31						

Dominical Letter, A. Golden number 18. Epact 11. Number of Lunations, 13. Easter Eclipses this year, only a partial eclipse of the moon, on the 15th day of April, which will be on the 16th day of May, at 4 o'clock, 30 minutes, P. M. Mean time at Philadelphia. Remember, will be about 10 degrees eclipsed on the north part. It is not visible here. The sun will be in one third part darkened, and nearly two thirds of the same way on the west side, and will set eclipsed. We remember a very fine new moon.

EUROPEAN STEAMSHIPS.

Steamships for Europe will leave New York every Wednesday at noon, and every other Saturday at noon. From Philadelphia every other Saturday at noon. From Philadelphia every fourth Saturday morning. From Boston every other Wednesday for the city of New York, and the following Saturday for Philadelphia, and every fourth Saturday for Boston.

From Boston a Steamer leaves once a month on Wednesday, and from Philadelphia on the 1st of February, from there touching at Southampton on the 4th of March, and from Liverpool on the 8th of March, and so on, and the harder the rain pours, the more people flock in.

Rain. Napier leaves his post at Scinde, and Sir Charles Metcalfe is called to the government of India.

Sugar. Everything is told of a sugar refinery in Albany. He sold his shanty concern, and has gone into the sugar line, and the refinery business. Any days—and she wrote him she would be his sweetheart. The consequence was, the church was never so well filled, and the harder the rain poured, the more people flocked in.

Corn

Original Poetry.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS

OF

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

January 5, 1856.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

We have seen the ice-bound waters
Sparkling cold in winter moons;
We have heard the freed spring torrents
Singing wild their joyous tunes;
Breathed sweet Summer's breath of roses,
Joyed in Autumn's bounteous bourn,
Since we saw the death-night shadows
Of the Old Year slow up-furled,
And the golden-tided morning
Of the New Year flood the world.

Once again the earth unwearied,
Swinging on her axis true,
Hath pursued her olden journey
Through the pathless wastes of blue;
In among the great worlds, wheeling
Round the mighty central light,
Through the starry wilderness,
God hath guided her aright.

But, in all her orbit, never
Rolled our Earth from out the breath
Of that primal malediction
He breathed upon her—death.

It sighs amid her tropic bowers,
A heavy, slumberous breeze—
It wails among her northern pines,
And sweeps across her seas!
The dead, the dead are sounding
Her loneliest ocean-waves,
And her loveliest vales and hill-sides
Are freshly scarred with graves.

On land and sea are seasons
When softest winds are laid,
And seasons when nor dew, nor shower,
Comforts the thirsty glade;
But human hearts sigh ever
Unrest and griefs and fears—

[illegible]

Original Novelet.

THE LOST HEIRESS:

A STORY OF HOWLET HALL.

[illegible]

Scene in Court.

A STRIKING APPEAL.

"Now, Gentlemen of the Jury, I throw myself upon your impartial judgment, as husbands and fathers, and I confidently ask, Does the prisoner above look like a man who would knock down and trample upon the wife of his bosom? Gentlemen—I have done!"

Wit and Humor.

Catching a Big One.—A sea captain "Down East," a regular "old salt," relates the subjoined as one of his fishing experiences:

Once, with a friend, he went out to catch halibut. His comrade prided himself on his skill in the business, and a rivalry arose between the two friends as to which should capture the first fish. Having dropped anchor and lines, they waited with fishermen's patience for a bite; but, for a long time, none came.

At length the countenance of the captain's companion began to lighten up; and presently he called out:

"I've got one!"

He commenced hauling in with great vigor.

"It must be a large one," said he, "a hundred-pound fellow, at least. He pulls stoutly, I tell you!"

It was indeed evident that a big fellow was at the other end of the line, and is was soon discovered that it was to be no easy matter to capture him.

"I must let him run," said he, "and tire him out."

Accordingly, he gave him line, which was carried off rapidly. Soon the excited fisherman began to haul in again, making sure of his victim this time.

"Stand by, captain," said he, "with the boat-hook, and hook him in the gills when he comes up. Get well braced, for he's a rouser."

The captain accordingly braced himself for a tug, boat-hook in hand, and waited impatiently for the moment of capture. His excited comrade was yet pulling carefully and slowly at the line, lest it should be broken, and eagerly watching for the first appearance of the prize, when suddenly a "sea-change" came over his features, and dropping the line, he exclaimed:

"*Je-rew-salem! Captain, it is the anchor!*"

The captain went down in a shower of laughter, and it was a long day before the fisherman heard the last of catching an anchor, "playing it out," and "letting it run till it got tired."

A Conscientious Dutchman.—Jacob Felzer, a middle-aged gentleman of Teutonic origin, his apparel well incrusted with dry mud, and his hat looking like a collapsed steamboat cylinder, with the top blown off, was brought up on a complaint of a dry-goods man for stealing a piece of corduroy, valued at seven dollars.

The Mayor asked him if he understood English.

"Yaw, I talks him foorst rate."

"Do you know what steal means?"

"Yaw, him is iron vat is made hard."

"Yes, that is one kind of steel, but not that one I mean. Do you understand this? How came you to steal this corduroy?"

"Pecaus mine preeches vast nicht goot to go to church."

"Does it take thirty yards to make you a pair of breeches?"

"Yaw, ter schneider must have some for cabbage, and todder vat's left might do for my vrow, when I gets married. It would make her a goot coat."

"I see that you are a man of foresight, but don't you know that this way of getting the breeches and petticoats is against the law?"

"I don't care apout the law. I'se a Tuchman."

"Have you got any friends who will go bail for you?"

"Blenty of friends, and more dan I suppose you have yourself. Dey come and dey schwear anything. Dey schwear ver I vas, and dey get me clear."

"Oh, we don't want them to swear; we want them to give security for your appearance at court. You confess you stole the corduroy, and there is no occasion for anybody to swear to it."

"Yaw; you find I nicht dell any lie; Tuchman never do anything vich he traid to tell. Yaw, I did steal der stuff, but I was going to steal der monish to pay mit."

Good Enough to be True.—The Lynn News tells the following story of an incredulous young man, whose father had promised before death to hold "spiritual" communication with him:

The spirit of the old gentleman (who, by the way, had been somewhat severe in matters of discipline,) was called up, and held some conversation with his boy. But the messages were not at all convincing, and the young man would not believe that his father had anything to do with them.

"Well," says the medium, "what can your father do to remove your doubts?"

"If he will perform some act which is characteristic of him, and without any direction as to what it shall be, I shall believe there is something in it."

"Very well," said the medium, "we wait for some manifestation from the spirit land."

This was no sooner said than (as the story goes) a table walked up to the young man, and, without much ceremony, *kicked him out of the room!*

"Hold on! stop him!" cried the terrified youth. "*That's the old man! I believe in the rappings!*"

Our hero has never since had a desire to stir up the old gentleman.

A Michigan Judge.—There used to be a Judge in the western part of Michigan, who had one expression under which he cloaked all his ignorance and perplexities, and that was, that he must decide according to the principles of substantial justice. On one occasion, a culprit was undergoing his trial for petit larceny. The offender was an old one, and every one believed him guilty, but the evidence was lamentably deficient. After the arguments were closed, the Judge rose to charge the jury. He had determined to have the fellow convicted, but he could not fortify his purpose by the facts and the law. At last, after floundering about for a long time, he closed in the following summary manner:

"Gentlemen, you must never lose sight of substantial justice. That is the end of all law. The evidence may be rather deficient in this case; but, gentlemen, you ought, I think, to keep in view the eternal principles of substantial justice. Gentlemen, I think this man ought to be convicted. He is a confounded rascal—he stole my wood all last winter—and I think you had better bring him in guilty, any how."

Cornelius O'Flanagan meeting an old employer the other day, thus addressed him:

"Plase your honor to give us a little help now, for we're kil't entirely of starvation!"

"Why, Corney, what are the boys doing?" said the gentleman.

"Jist looking for bits of jobs of work as they can get them, your honor."

"And your daughter, Molly, is she not out working?"

"Oh! your honor, we can't spare her for that; we want her *at home all day just to do the cooking for us.*"

☞ A thief who lately broke open a grocer's warehouse, excuses himself on the plea that he merely went there to take tea.

Selected Articles.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Listen, all ye Christian people,
Let no fears your souls dismay;
God's own Son, the Lord, the Saviour,
He was born on Christmas day.
All the earth was bound in sadness,
Darkness lay upon the land,
And the silence of the midnight,
When the moment was at hand.
When through all the midnight darkness,
Through the world's sad heart forlorn,
Passed a thrill of life ecstatic—
And the Christ! the Christ was born!

Nature owned the glad emotion;
And the simple shepherd folk,
As if day shone out above them,
With the joyful impulse woke;
Woke, and lo! a glorious vision
Filled their souls with wondering awe,
And ten thousand holy angels,
Thronging all the heavens they saw.
And they heard them sing, as never
Skylark sang above the corn—
"Peace on earth, and endless blessing!
For the Christ! the Christ is born!

"Sons and daughters of affliction,
Join great Nature's choral voice:
Thou, the captive; thou, the stranger;
Thou, the poor, rejoice! rejoice!
Weeping mother, cease thy anguish
For thy first-born gone astray;
Christ is born, the dear Redeemer,
Who will save the castaway!
Little toiling orphan children,
Heirs of destiny forlorn,
Weep not, for the true Consoler—
Christ, the mourner's friend—is born!

"Sinner, conscious of transgression,
Scorned of men, outcast and vile!
Christ is born, whose blood shall cleanse thee,
And to God shall reconcile!
Noble spirit, patriot, poet,
Thirsting to be great and free,
Christ is born, thy true ensample,
Dying on the Cross for thee!"
Thus they sang, those holy angels,
'Mid the pallid stars of morn,
"Peace on earth, and endless blessing!
For the Christ! the Christ is born!"

The Baby's Complaint.—Now, I suppose you think, because you never see me do anything but feed and sleep, that I have a very nice time of it. Let me tell you that your are mistaken, and that I am tortured half to death, although I never say anything about it. How should you like every morning to have your nose washed up, instead of *down*? How should you like to have a pin put through your dress into your skin, and have to bear it all day till your clothes were taken off at night? How should you like to be held so near the fire that your eyes were half scorched out of your head, while your nurse was reading a novel? How should you like to have a great fly light on your nose, and not know how to take aim at him, with your little, fat, useless fingers? How should you like to be left alone in the room to take a nap, and have a great pussy jump into your cradle, and sit staring at you with her great green eyes, till you were all of a tremble? How should you like to reach out your hand for the pretty, bright candle, and find out that it was way across the room, instead of close by? How should you like to tire yourself out crawling across the carpet, to pick up a pretty button or pin, and have it snatched away, as soon as you begin to enjoy it? I tell you it is enough to ruin any baby's temper. How should you like to have your mamma stay at a party till you were as hungry as a little cub, and be left to the mercy of a nurse, who trotted you up and down till every bone in your body ached? How should you like, when your mamma dressed you up all pretty, to take the nice, fresh air, to spend the afternoon with your nurse in some smoky kitchen, while she gossipped with one of her cronies? How should you like to submit to have your toes tickled by all the children who insisted upon "seeing the baby's feet?" How should you like to have a dreadful pain under your apron, and have everybody call you "a little cross thing," when you couldn't speak to tell what was the matter with you? How should you like to crawl to the top stair, (just to look about a little,) and pitch heels over head from the top to the bottom? Oh, I can tell you it is no joke to be a baby! Such a thinking as we keep up; and if we try to find out anything, we are sure to get our brains knocked out in the attempt. It is very trying to a sensible baby who is in a hurry to know everything, and can't wait to grow up.—*Little Ferns for Fanny's Little Friends.*

The Bible.—The older we grow, the more we find the Bible to be a very sensible book. There are some very shrewd rules in it for the guidance of our conduct; and when we neglect them, we are pretty sure to find ourselves in trouble. There is one passage like this, viz.: "He who diggeth a pit for another, shall fall therein." How many times in our life have we known this warning prove true! We remember one of these just now.

A gentleman thought he missed money from his money-drawer. That drawer was in the table on which he wrote his letters. To detect and punish the supposed thief, he placed a loaded pistol in that drawer, and in such a position that on opening the drawer in the usual manner, the pistol would be discharged. To escape a discharge, it was necessary to open only an inch or so, and remove the pistol from its connection with a string.

After he had thus prepared the drawer, for the detection and punishment of a thief, he went out to attend to some business which occupied several hours. He came back, revolving in his mind some difficulties he had encountered in adjusting this business. Entirely forgetting his trap, he unlocked and pulled open violently the drawer, and shot himself through the body. It was a spring-pistol, of great power, and the wound was mortal.

We have also heard of instances where men have placed spring-guns on their lands, to protect the fruit from depredation, and, in their hurry, forgetting the trap, have themselves received the charge.

As we grow old, we discover that many things which, to our youthful temerity and ignorance seemed foolish, were, indeed, of the utmost importance. And we may be assured, that the only neglected "Book," wherein we have the assurance of immortal life, contains not only the rules by which it may be obtained in a blessed eternity, but also the very best rules for the sanctity, and comfort, and enjoyment of our lives. He who lives without taking the Bible for a guide, is like one who is walking on the edge of a precipice fast asleep.

Going that Way.—An old woman observing a sailor going by her door, and supposing it to be her Billy, cried out to him,

"Billy, where is my cow gone?"

The sailor replied in a contemptuous manner,

"Gone to Satan, for what I know."

"Well, as you are going that way," said the old lady, "I wish you would just let down the bars."

THE DUEL IN THE BUSH.

[illegible]

For the Young.

RAIN, SNOW, HAIL.

[illegible]

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

[illegible]

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

[illegible]

CHARADE.

[illegible]

PROBLEM.

[illegible]

CONUNDRUMS.

[illegible]

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

[illegible]

Agricultural.

THE POTATO DISEASE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

[illegible]

STRAWBERRIES.

[illegible]

The Olio.

LOVE UNSOUGHT.

[illegible]

For Housekeepers.

[illegible]